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A. D. 1750

A
SATIRICAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A *Sea Captain* and his *Friend* in Town:

K HUMBL Y ADDRESS'D

To the Gentlemen who *deform'd* the
PLAY of

O T H E L L O,

On *Th--rs--y*, *M----* the 7th, 1750,
at the *Th-tre R-y-l*, in *Dr-y L-ne*:

TO WHICH IS ADDED, A

P R O L O G U E

A N D

E P I L O G U E,

Much more fuitable to the Occasion
than their Own.

Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.

LONDON: Printed for, and Sold by *J. River*, under
St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street.

[Price Sixpence.]





A more suitable, OCCASIONAL
P R O L O G U E

B Y

EBENEAZER PENTWEAZEL.

W H I L E *heedless Fops*, affecting to be Sage,
With *awkward Attitudes* Disgrace the Stage;
Ours be the Task to Paint the *Simple Elves*,
And shew the Race of *Triflers* in our *Selves*.

For this unmindful of the *Cynic Tribe*,
The *Wrinkled Forehead*, or th' *illnatur'd Gibe*;
Dauntless, We Deign to face th' unruly *Pit*
So famed for Clamour, Petulance, and Wit.
Merits *our own*, —from no Peculiar Cause
Therefore be Sure we have—*our own Applause*;
Heedless of what the selfish *Miser* say's, }
We venture *Sense*—for *Poverty* and *Praise*: }
A Thousand Pound's a trifling Sum for *BAYS*.
Yet this you'll say is *Wrong*,—we answer, no
'Twas always *Right*, and ever will be So

But Soft! what Noise was that approach'd mine Ear.
Help! Ho! my friends! my Friends—alas I fear,
Some *Dire Event*, our sad *Presumption* waits;
Fly from this *Spot*, and intercept the *Fates*:
For Lo! methinks. Descending from on *High*
The Ghost of *injur'd SHAKESPEAR* Draweth nigh,
With aspect Stern! behold the *BARD* advance,
His Eyes, *Resentment's* fiercer Rays elance;
Justice before him wields her flaming *Sword*,
and only waits the *BARD'S* assenting Word!
Beside Him *POESY* knitts her angry *Brow*,
And Seems to *Ruminate* a *Dreadful Vow*;
Behind, a Numerous frightful *Train* appear
Rending, with *Dolefull Shricks*, the ambient Air;
Furnished

Furnished with *whips* and *Stings* to *Scourge us hence*,
 And *Murder Us*, e're *WE* can *murder* *Sense*:
 They come!—"Ye *mystic Forms* which *wreck the Soul*
 And thou *much injur'd BARD*—nay do not *Scowl*,
 Nor vent thy heighten'd *Rage* on *me* alone,
 There's *more* *Behin'd*—I'm not the *only One*;
 Illusion all—tis fled—and I'm at *Rest*—
 'Twas but the *Fancy* of a *guilty Breast*.
 "Sure 'tis the *very Error* of the *Moon*,
 "Revenge grows *Harsh*, and *Murder's* out of *Tune*."
 I cannot do't by *Heaven*—I cannot do't:
 "Yet *she must Die*—Ay, that's beyond dispute.
 The *MUSE* shall *Die*—"else *she'll betray more Men*,
 Or may be, play her *Tricks* with us again.
 So let us fairly do it *Here* to *Night*,
 Put out the *Light*—and then, put out the *Light*.
 Come on my *Lads*—nay hang me if I *sham Her*,
 And when *WE've kill'd Her*—let the *AUDIENCE* damn *Her*.



A
SATIRICAL DIALOGUE
BETWEEN

A Sea Captain and his Friend in Town.

Gent. WELL met noble Captain, you're welcome
on Shore,
Pray when did you land? (*Capt.*) last Night, (*Gent.*) Not
(before?)

Capt. No by G—d; 'twas a wonder I landed so soon,
For the Wind has blown hard since the change of the Moon.

Gent. Pray what News do you bring from the *African Coast*?

Capt. Why good News I think — I had surely been lost,
If NEPTUNE the *Sovereign God of the Sea*
Had not interpos'd twixt EOLUS and ME.
But what's the most talk'd of in this famous City,
Where the PEOPLE are all *so polite* and *so witty*?
So extensive the Place, it must *something* afford:

Gent. Why faith honest Captain, I know not a Word
That's worth my relating; yet list and you'll hear;
Tho' 'twill rather *chagrine* you, than *please* you I fear:
Our GENTRY of late, *to their Honour be't spoke*,
(Who think themselves wiser than all other Folk)
Have *acted*, like People *bereft of their Senses*,
For *Gentility's* lost when the *Player commences*.

Capt. The *Player commences*! Why what do you mean?

Gent. Have Patience good Captain, I'll open the Scene:
You must know that in *London* some *People* there are,
So fond of the Greatness, that waits on a Play'r,
That at once they turn'd ACTORS themselves to expose;
To the *Pity of Friends* and the *Censure of Foes*:

Capt. Lord *what* cou'd induce them such *Madmen* to be;

Gent. Oh you know the French Phrase, *a la Mode de Paris*;

Sir,

Sir, the *French* have perform'd * (*Capt.*) oh then 'tis all well
The English must follow them *THO' 'TWERE TO HELL*;
 Where if *Cerberus* did not the *French Men* affright,
 (But would let them go visit the *Regions of Night*)
 Each *Monkey*, would after them, like a *Brave Fellow*,

Gent. As *they've* done now by *playing the Fool* --and
 (OTHELLO.

There's a *Fable* I learn'd it at School Years ago,
 I'll relate it, I think it is *quite apropos*:
 On a Time, as (*Fame* says) the *Apes acted a Play*.
 Tho I know not the Date of the Year or the Day,
 Nor is it material since it was enacted.
 And For *Apes*, 'twas done better than could be Expected?
 The *Asses* Soon heard on't and *they* must Needs try.
 Yet they used this Precaution that *None should be by*,
 But Those Who Were *really Asses* indeed:
 For (says they) they may Laugh? if we do not Succeed;
 But our *Gentry* So *Confident bold*, and *Conceited*,
 Ne'ver used this Precaution, But Fairly admitted.
 An *Audience of Critics*, To See their *Fine Play*,

Capt. Then the *Asses* In Fact Acted wiser than They.
 Pray How Was't Receiv'd were the *Hearers* quite *Civil*?

Gent. Ay, or else the *Whole Play* had Gone *Souse to the Devil*.
Good Manners Obliged, them *Sometimes* to applaud;
 Tho they Little Deserv'd it: (*Capt.*) I Believe so by G-d.
 And Pray *What expence* Might attend *this Affair*,

Gent. Why *FIFTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS* our papers
 (declare.

Capt. *Fifteen Hundred!* D'ye Say, Why G-d Dam my Blood
 So much Money Spent to do no Sort of Good,
 How much more Commendable would it have been?
 Since Objects of Pity So frequent are seen.

With benevolent Hands to have giv'n it to Those,
 And not paid so dearly themselves to expose;

Gent. Faith Captain you're right, my Opinion's the same,
 For in every *Respect* they are *greatly to blame*:
 Now if I was an Actor, *this Method* I'd take,
 The *Stage* and its *Drudgery* both I'd forsake;
 Turn GENTLEMAN now, as the GENTRY turn *Players*
 And exhibit a *Taste* far *genteler* than THEIRS.

THE

* Alluding to an account in the Paper of a Play perform'd by Some young Noble-men in France.



EPILOGUE.

WH Y what a Trick they've play'd me here egad,
 Pray is'nt it enough to make one *Mad*:
 Such idle Things these Men—*Dull dronish Rogues*,
 To make us *tender Souls* speak Epilogues:
 But yet I partly guess what they're about;
 And faith I'll tell, *for Wit and Truth will out*.
You too may guess—but this I know the Case is,
 'The Chaps are all *asham'd to shew their Faces*;
 But shame's th' *Effect of Guilt*—it is most certain
 No wonder then they've *sneak'd behind the Curtain*.
 And send me here to gild a dirty Cause,
 To tickle your good-natures for Applause;
 If I don't mawl 'em for't, Let them mawl me
 I'll teach the scurvy Knaves Civillity.

Well but good Audience did you like the Play,
 Ha! now you shake your Heads—and *well you may*;
 For sure *such Wretches* never trod the Stage,
 Unless it were to *lull a nodding Age*;
 Well for my Part, it pleas'd me to the Life,
 To hear Oth--llo bawl so for his Wife.
Wife! what Wife!—he *had* a *Wife* last Summer,
 And has so still—*He's only parted from her*.
 But that's a c—tly Fault—no more of That,
 They both consented, so 'twas *Tit for Tat*,
 Suppose he *had* lost her—*why* this mighty Pother,
 His *Monkey F---t* can help him to *another*.

But

But soft methinks I hear him rave behind,
 Bear witness all—he swears he'll beat me blind:
 Why let the great and mighty Hero come,
 And beat his Fill—he cannot beat me Dumb;
 I'll have my Way in spite of Friends or Foes,
 I've said no more than what the Audience knows.

F I N I S.
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N. B. On Monday Noon next will be publish'd the *third Edition*, of the genuine Life of *Wm. Parsons*, Esqr. lately executed at *Tyburn*, written by himself; and contains (exclusive of his Head, from an original Picture) his entertaining Amour with the late celebrated Miss *E---ds*, both before and after her separation from *Lord---n*, his Intrigue with the present Lady *V---* his polite way of robbing the Ladies in *Newfoundland*: His Scheme with a *Footman* to run away with his Sister, and several other remarkable and interesting Scenes, with *Original Letters, Verses, &c. &c. &c.* none of which (nor his Picture) are to be found in any other Life yet publish'd. Likewise all his other Transactions, that are worthy the perusal of the Publick. The first Impression was so well receiv'd as to be all sold off in a few Hours after publication, and the Second Edition in little more than a Week.

Sold by *F. Stamper*, in *Pope's Head Alley*, *Cornhill*, and *J. Brooke*, at the *Golden Head*, under *St. Dunstons Church*, *Fleet Street*, (Price 1 s.)

